

A BIT OF RIBBON
By George Elmer Cobb

"S-sh!" warned mischievous Mary Blinn in a mysterious whisper.

Nellie Dyson, at the oars, halted the rowboat they were in. Alice Tilson, seated in the bow, craned her graceful neck to look up shorewards.

A picture presented. A young man, handsome, attired in a way that showed easy circumstances, pose and environment romantically inspiring, sat propped against a tree ten feet above the water, fishing.

His tackle was of the latest improved and most expensive type. An empty game bag lay at his side. The pole hung limp, for he was asleep.

"He is one of the visitors down at the hotel!" spoke Mary, her bright eyes dancing with fun.

"Poor fellow!" added Nellie, "picking out the very barest spot along the river for a catch. I suppose he got so tired waiting for a bite that he just went to sleep out of sheer despair."

"Oh, I have it!" fluttered Mary, in a state of half-suppressed excitement. "Row a little nearer to the shadows of the cliff, Nellie. That's it. Nearer the line. Hold steady, now."

"Oh, let us row on! He may wake up," suggested Alice, circumspect and timid, and well knowing the mischief-loving proclivities of her friend.

But Mary was bent on the execution of a lively idea suggested to her fertile mind. She and Nellie were expert anglers. They knew all the favorable fishing points along the stream. For two hours they had been casting their lines and in the bottom of the boat lay a superb string of fish.

There was one, an enormous pickerel, which had been landed with as much excitement among the delighted trio as though it had been a whale. This, with hasty fingers, Mary proceeded to detach from the string.

"Now, slowly, Nellie," she ordered, and the latter, guessing what was up, proceeded to get the boat directly in touch with the line of the slumbering fisherman. Mary lifted the hook and attached their prize catch to it.

"We'll trim it, too, so as to mystify this Isaac Walton still further," bubbled over Mary. "Just the thing!" and she snatched out at Alice, tearing from its bowknot her hair ribbon,



He Landed It With Care

a pretty conceit in anemones and forget-me-nots.

"No, no!" demurred Alice; but her willful friend had secured the bit of silk and gracefully tied it around the fish and gently lowered it, decorated with the fantastic strip of ribbon.

"You don't exactly understand," smiled Mary, quizzically. "This young man happens to be Nelson Warren. He is worthy of encouraging as a possible acquisition to our neighbor-